

South Park Mexican

"OI G"

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Oooohh

Uh

It's the same ol' shit in the same ass place
my studio smells like ten ash trays
my nigga still gettin' too fucked up
And I'm still smokin' too much blunts
Haters always gon' run they mouth
And keep tryin' to take me out
Mama always gonna worry herself
And me I can't forget the pain I felt
Even though I drive a new 6 double 0
They be thinkin' like "What is Los frontin' for?"
I bought a club and they filled up with envy
Now every body pissed cuz they can't get in free
New enemies still poppin' up
Throw away gats still chop 'em up
I walk in and the whole club stands still
More money more problems that's real

This is what an ol' G told me
filthy rich and dyin' lonely
"Fuck a benz and fuck a roly, life is what you make it,
homie."

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My little baby-girl just turned 6
I gave her the biggest room in my crib
she gets what she wants so does her mama
I don't think they know the value of a dollar
fine-ass bitches all in my limosine
I just wish I was jumpin' on my trampoline
But my babies I miss my children
To me that's worth more than trillions and trillions
She calls me "Fat-boy" says I'm "loco"
And she doesn't understand when I gotta go

Hope she doesn't think I don't wanna be wit her
Hope she knows that it hurts not to be wit her
Hope she knows that wit her I'm the happiest
I can't make it to her piano practices
When I was young my ol' man left us
And I pray dat she won't be like I was

This is what an ol' G told me
filthy

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